

Lo-s-vers by lilpulp

Category: IT

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-12-10 20:01:21

Updated: 2019-12-10 20:01:21

Packaged: 2019-12-12 05:42:13

Rating: M

Chapters: 3

Words: 2,103

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: After the losers face pennywise they become very close. Particularly Richie And Eddie.

1. Chapter 1

The losers were all sitting in the clubhouse. They'd spent their whole summer going after that stupid fucking clown, so they did absolutely nothing fun. Unless you count almost being killed a few times "fun." They were all worn out and after a scare of everyone moving away. They'd all ended up staying in Derry. None of them were sure if it was really a good thing but at least they all stayed together. They almost lost each other earlier in the summer while going after the clown so they were glad it would not happen again. Richie cringed thinking about when they were apart. He remembered the arcade with Bowers. He remembered how he made fun of him, calling him a fag and gay. He knew it was true. At least a little true. He couldn't deny what it was like to have Eddie around him. He could not and would tell anyone he was gay.

"Hello? Earth to Richie?" Richie looked up to see everyone staring at him. "Sorry. Were you saying something? I was in deep thought about Eddie's mom." Eddie glared at him. Richie winked at him. Eddie groaned. "W-we w-were talking about g-going to the q-quarry." Bill chimed in. Richie was obviously on board. He loved going there.

They all rode their bikes down to the quarry but Richie fell behind. He was too busy, lost in his own thoughts to go faster than everyone else to be an annoyance like always. He was annoying as hell but they all loved him, anyway. Stan noticed and started peddling a little faster. Dude are you okay? You haven't talked about Eddie's mom in almost a full 20 minutes." Stan joked. "What? Yeah, I'm fine. Just thinking about that stupid clown." Stanley gave him a knowing look and nodded. "I think we're all a little traumatized by that thing." Stanley sympathized with Richie.

They all were suffering because of that stupid clown. Bill lost his brother, Bev lost her dad and now lives with her aunt, not that it was a bad thing, Ben seemed to have been cut open by various things, Eddie broke his arm and got in a huge fight with his mom because she lied about him being sick but that just ended up giving him more freedom because she couldn't control him anymore, Mike kept having nightmares about his parents which let me tell you, is hard on a

person, Richie well he had to figure out how to deal with his sexuality along with whatever happened with Bowers and the clown.

The losers got to the quarry and stood at the end of the cliff they usually jump from. "Are we jumping today or sitting up here? I don't think Eds is supposed to get that wet." Richie said pointing at his cast. "Don't call me that asshole. But that was not incorrect. If it gets wet, it'll get moldy a-and I could get an infection an- " Richie put his hand over Eddie's mouth. "We got the picture Eds." He scowled at Richie.

Beverly looked at them and raised her eyebrow at them. "Well, Eddie can stay up here I w-want to j-jump." Bill said. Everyone agreed and looked apologetically at Eddie. Richie shrugged. "I guess I'll stay up here with him while you guys come down and once you come up, I'll jump and someone can go with me." They all jumped and Richie and Eddie watched.

"I'm uh.. sorry about your arm and stuff. It must suck having to wear it all the time." Eddie looked at him in shock. "What?" "I don't know. That was probably the first time in months you said something and it wasn't about fucking my mom." They both burst into laughter.

2. Chapter 2

Richie laid upside down off the edge of his bed. His glasses had fallen to the ground, but he didn't care to pick them up. School in two days and he was dreading it. Richie sighed. Was he ready? The whole clown experience fucked with his head. He didn't enjoy leaving his house now. Did the other losers notice?

Someone knocked on the door. "Come in!" Richie yelled back. Eddie walked into his room "Hey Eds." Eddie rolled his eyes. "So are you coming with us to the park or what?" Richie shrugged. "I don't know Eddie. I don't feel like it." Eddie looked confused. "But... You always go with us." He frowned. Richie didn't notice because his glasses were on the floor, but he could hear the disappointment in Eddie's voice. He sighed. "Fine. I'll go. Can you hand me my glasses?" Eddie handed the taller boys' glasses to him. He put them on and sat up. Blood rushed to his head. Richie sat there for a second trying to calm it down.

He looked at Eddie and observed his figure. He was small and thin. He wore that stupid fanny pack that his mother forced him to, even though she doesn't make him take pills anymore after a huge fight they had. He kept his inhaler because he has terrible anxiety, especially after the clown thing. Eddie had freckles all over his face and brown eyes. Richie shook his head at the thought.

"Are you okay? You're staring at me." Richie's face went red. "Oh yeah, I'm fine. I was just... thinking." Eddie rose his eyebrow with a questioning look. "Okay.. about what?" His eyes went wide. "I uh... w-was thinking a-about...mom. Ya know how she gets me." Eddie shot him a dirty look. "Fuck you, Richie." Richie laughed.

Richie put his shoes on the two boys met with the losers. Richie followed them on their bikes before finding himself at the city center with the rest of the losers. Memories of when Paul Bunyan statue tried to kill him filled his mind. He stopped his bike where he was while the others sat theirs near a tree. He stared at the statue remembering how the first time he saw the stupid clown was right after Bowers called him gay.

Stanley who noticed he hadn't joined with the rest of the gang walked over to Richie, who had a fearful look on his face. "Hey... Rich you all right?" Richie sharply turned his face to look at his best friend. "I..." He started talking but seemed to not be able to force any words out. Stan put his hand on Richie's shoulder to reassure him about anything he was thinking about. Ben, Bev, Eddie, Mike, and Bill were all waiting for them to come over. "It's the clown, isn't it? You know he's dead right?" Stanley said trying to remind him it should not scare him. Richie shrugged.

Richie and Stan made their way to the other friends. "I can't believe summer is over." Ben said. "That's because you spent your whole summer in the library. It's hard to keep track of time when you have your nose up a book." Bev joked. Ben blushed and shook his head. "W-well we spent a good h-half killing a C-Clown." They all looked at Bill. "Well it sucked. It took away our whole summer." Eddie shook his head. "Yeah well at least you guys don't have to spend the beginning of school with a cast that says loser on it." Richie looked at him. "How many germs do you think are under that thing?" Eddie went wide eyed. "Fuck you Richie. I never even thought of that until now." "You love me Eds." "Stop calling me that!" Everyone rolled their eyes at the two. "Just get m-married already. You f-fight like you are." Bill mocked the two. Richie started blushing and turned his face away, hoping no one saw. Bill gave him a weird look, but continued walking.

3. Chapter 3

Imma just go with they're in highschool because I don't really know what grade they're in and highschool just is better for the story. I'm just going to go with they're going into sophomore year.

Richie sat in class tapping his fingers against his desk. "God it's the first day and I already hate it"

"Mr. Tozier, have you any manners?" Richie shot his eyes up and looked at his teacher Mrs. Walker. "Uh..." He looked shocked. He didn't expect for anyone to notice. "I am trying to explain this class to everyone and you are already slacking off. It is the first day Richard." The class snickered. "Sorry." Richie mumbled.

At lunch Richie got to the losers table and dramatically threw his bag on the floor by where he sits. Bev looked at him. "What's with you Trashmouth?" "Mrs. Walker is a bitch!" The whole table burst into laughter. "Did poor Richie get yelled at?" Stanley joked. "She's not a bitch! She goes to the book club with my mom." Eddie remarked. "Your mom has time to do anything other than me?" "Shut up Richie! Stop talking about my mom!" Eddie yelled. Everyone at the table rolled their eyes at the two boys.

Usually after school, the losers would rush to get out of school before Henry Bowers, Patrick Hochstetter, and his other friends would find them. They don't have that problem anymore though. Patrick died, and they sent away Bowers for killing his father. The rest of the gang was no longer around anyone because the bad stigma.

"It's nice to not have to worry about getting my ass kicked by Bowers." Richie said while getting on his bike. "Tell me about it." Both Eddie and Ben said at the same time. They both chuckled.

Hearing Eddie laugh made Richie's heart skip a beat. "God dammit! I can't like him. The kid will hate me."

"Well! Cheerio good friends! This lad got loads of work to do. Who gives homework on the first day? Mrs. Walker! That's who. She is definitely a bitch." Richie kicked off on his bike down the street to his

house to avoid them questioning the angry look on his face.

"So... w-what was t-that about?" Bill stuttered out. "I don't know. Mrs. Walker didn't even give out homework." Ben added in.

At home Richie ran inside. His mother called to him. "Richie! How was the first day of school?" He rolled his eyes before yelling, "It was great ma! No one there to kick my ass anymore!" it threw Maggie off at the last part. "What was that sweetie?" She called back. "Nothing mom!" He said before closing himself in his room for the night.

Richie threw his bag on the floor and turned on his stereo. He began listening to Def Leppard and threw himself on his bed.

He felt himself fill with frustration. Why did he have to like boys? Henry making fun of him constantly made it clear it wasn't good to be gay. He began to tear up. If Ed's knew how bad he wanted to kiss him, he would hate him forever. If the other losers knew that he liked boys they would avoid him probably thinking he wanted to kiss them. Thinking it made him cry harder.

Sometime after Beverly barged into his room. "Woah, are you crying?" Richie shot up. "What? Me? No. I never cry. That is not something Richie Tozier does. How may I help you Bev?" She raised an eyebrow. She heard the music he was listening to.

(Play the song at top)

"Wow Trashmouth. Crying and love songs?" Richie blushed. "I'm just havin' a bad day is all." He gave a small smile. Beverly gave him a sad smile. She sat next to him on his bed and laid her head on him. "We all have them sometimes Rich." They both knew what she was talking about. That stupid clown ruined everything.

Beverly was in a foster home for about a month after her father died. They ruled it self defence, as they had proof of abuse, but potentially going to jail was the least of her worries. After the story came out, everyone knew about what her father did to her. It got rid of the "slut" comments but everyone felt awkward and uncomfortable around her now. The losers didn't, they already knew about her father, but all of Derry looked at her differently.

No one knew what Richie was going through. He wouldn't tell them either.